MARVEL

#4

DUGGAN
THORNE
DIAZ
SILVA

GET ME... SOLO

THE ONE MAN WAR ON TERROR

James Bourne was an elite special forces soldier chosen to undergo an operation that gave him the ability to teleport and made him a one man war on terror. Now, after a series of losses and betrayals, Bourne is striking out on his own, becoming the anti-terrorism vigilante known only as...

THE ONE MAN WAR ON TERROR

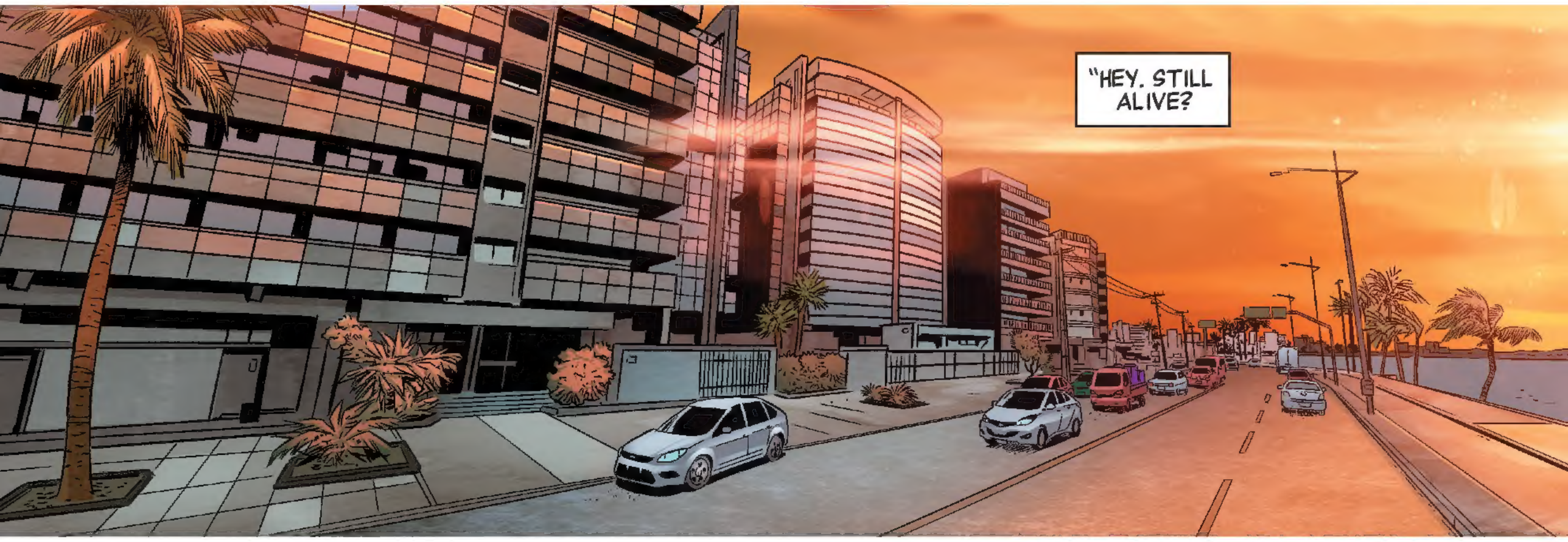
Previously...

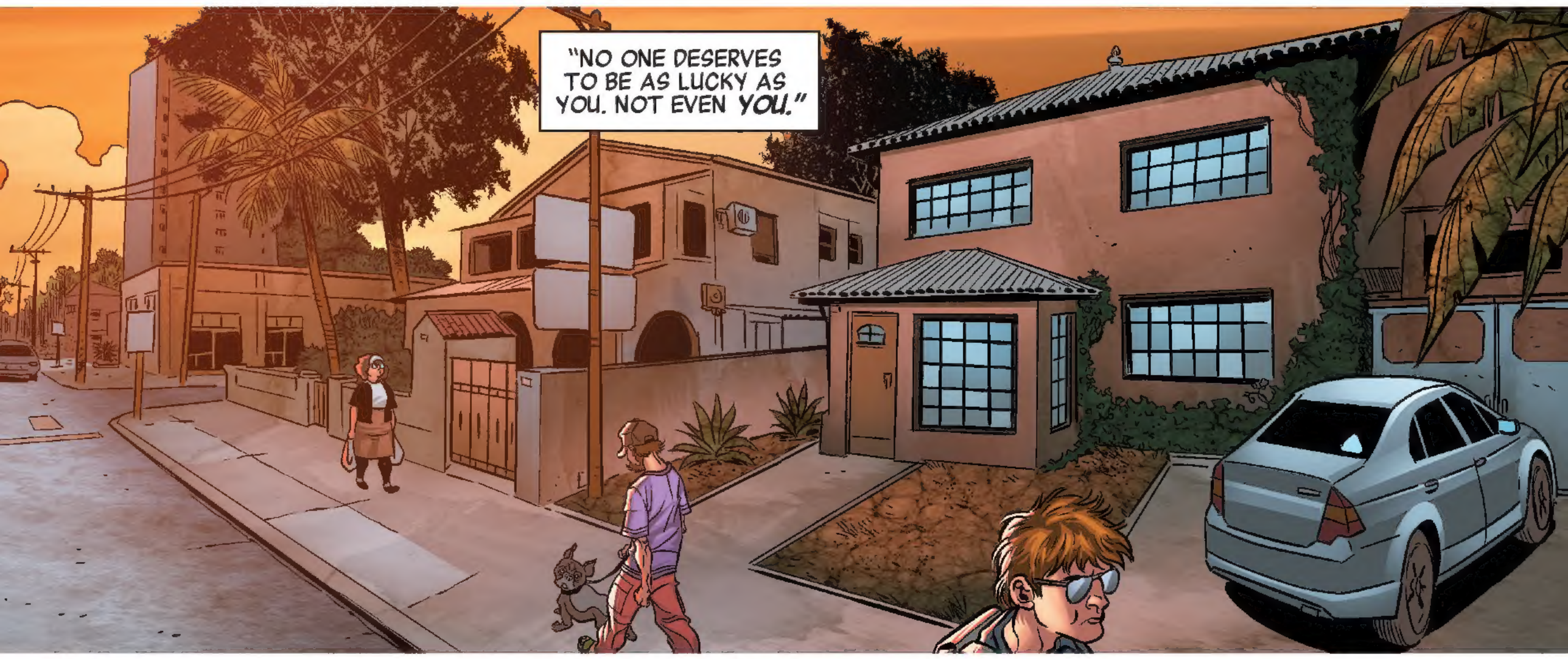
Solo is the best of the best...but everyone gets into trouble sometimes. His mission to extract undercover S.H.I.E.L.D. Agent Stokes ended with Stokes dead and Solo surrounded by hostile members of the Zoo Crew--extraterrestrial weapons dealers. After calling his ex-wife Catita for advice, Solo used his image inducer to disguise himself as Zoo Crew leaders and accuse the others of being traitors, starting a brawl that left nearly everyone dead and Solo the last man standing. Scrambling to explain Stokes' death, Solo told Commander Dugan that his agent died a hero who had discovered the Zoo's supplier was the mad villain Egghead! [In fact, it was Solo who solved this mystery, by cleverly checking the last text message on the Zoo leader's phone.]

Writers	Geoffrey Thorne + Gerry Duggan
Artist	Paco Diaz
Colors	Israel Silva
Lettering	VC's Travis Lanham
Cover	Paco Diaz + Israel Silva
Assistant Editor	Kathleen Wisneski
Editor	Darren Shan
Consulting Editor	Jordan D. White
Editor in Chief	Axel Alonso
Chief Creative Officer	Joe Quesada
Publisher	Dan Buckley
Executive Producer	Alan Fine

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

BREEPITY BREEP
BREEPITY BREEP


"HEY. STILL ALIVE?


"NO ONE DESERVES TO BE AS LUCKY AS YOU. NOT EVEN *YOU.*"

OH MY *GOD*, YOU *DIDN'T!* HE'S DEAD? YOU'RE SURE?

WAIT. YOU COMPLETED HIS MISSION ANYWAY?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLING YOU. ZOO FAMILY'S SUPPLIER ZEROED BY YOURS TRULY.

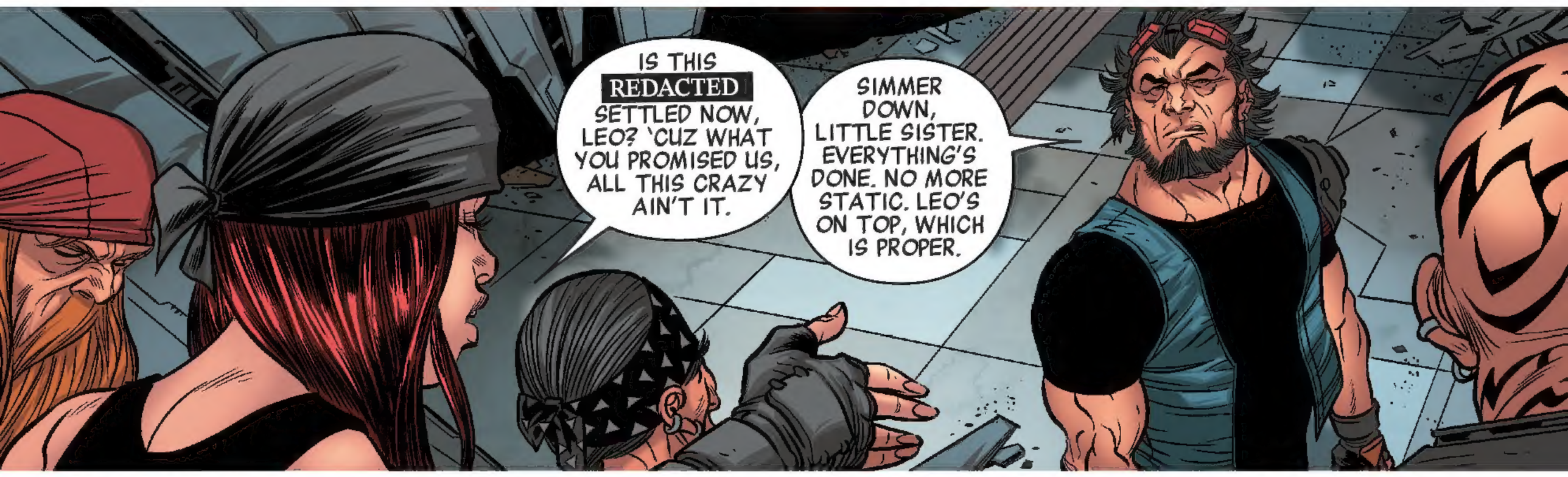
HALF THE FAMILY JUST KILLED THE OTHER HALF. *YOJIMBO* SCENARIO, BABY. DEADLY.

SO HOW'D THE S.H.I.E.L.D. BOYS TAKE IT WHEN YOU TOLD THEM YOU BROKE THEIR AGENT?

OKAY, FIRST OF ALL, I DIDN'T BREAK HIM, AND SECOND--

"--BETTER THAN YOU'D EXPECT."
GET THOSE KNEES UP, YA LOUSY GOLDBRICKS! WE GOT A SUPER VILLAIN TO TAKE DOWN!
YOU TWO PAYING ATTENTION? SOMEBODY KNOCKS ONE OF YOUR SOLDIERS DOWN, YOU MAKE DAMNED SURE THEY GO DOWN HARDER!
WAHOOOO!
I HOPE YOU GREENHORNS PACKED ENOUGH BODY BAGS.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA I WANT TO RUN BY--
LEO! BEAR! WHAT THE HELL? Y'ALL STILL KICKIN' BACK HERE?

IT'S ALL SETTLED ON OUR END. WHICHEVER ONE OF Y'ALL'S STILL UP, WE'RE GOOD TO FOLLOW.
HAH! YEAH! LONG AS YOU CAN STAND UP.


IS THIS REDACTED SETTLED NOW, LEO? 'CUZ WHAT YOU PROMISED US, ALL THIS CRAZY AIN'T IT.
SIMMER DOWN, LITTLE SISTER. EVERYTHING'S DONE. NO MORE STATIC. LEO'S ON TOP, WHICH IS PROPER.

TWO TRAITORS AND ONE SPY ON ICE.
OR ONE GOON, ONE GOON DISGUISED AS S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT'S DISGUISE, AND ONE ACTUAL S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT ON ICE, BUT NONE OF THESE GUYS ARE GOING TO CHECK MY MATH.
HAVING TWO IMAGE INDUCERS MAKES LIFE SO MUCH EASIER.

DAAAAAMN. OTTER WAS IN IT WITH HIM? THOUGHT YOU AND HIS DAD WENT BACK.
NOT FAR ENOUGH, I GUESS.

THE POINT IS, ALL THIS WAS JUST GROWING PAINS, BROTHERS. EVERY FAMILY GETS THEM.
BUT LEO, THE RUBES ALL SCATTERED. THE MARKET'S WRECKED.
WE LOST A LOT OF THE FAMILY AND LOTS OF MERCH.

HEY. RELAX. THEY CAN'T GET WHAT WE GOT ANYWHERE ELSE AND THEY KNOW IT...

...WE RESTOCK, THROW SOME SPIT AND POLISH ON THE MARKET, AND WE'RE BACK IN BIZ.
JAMES... WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?

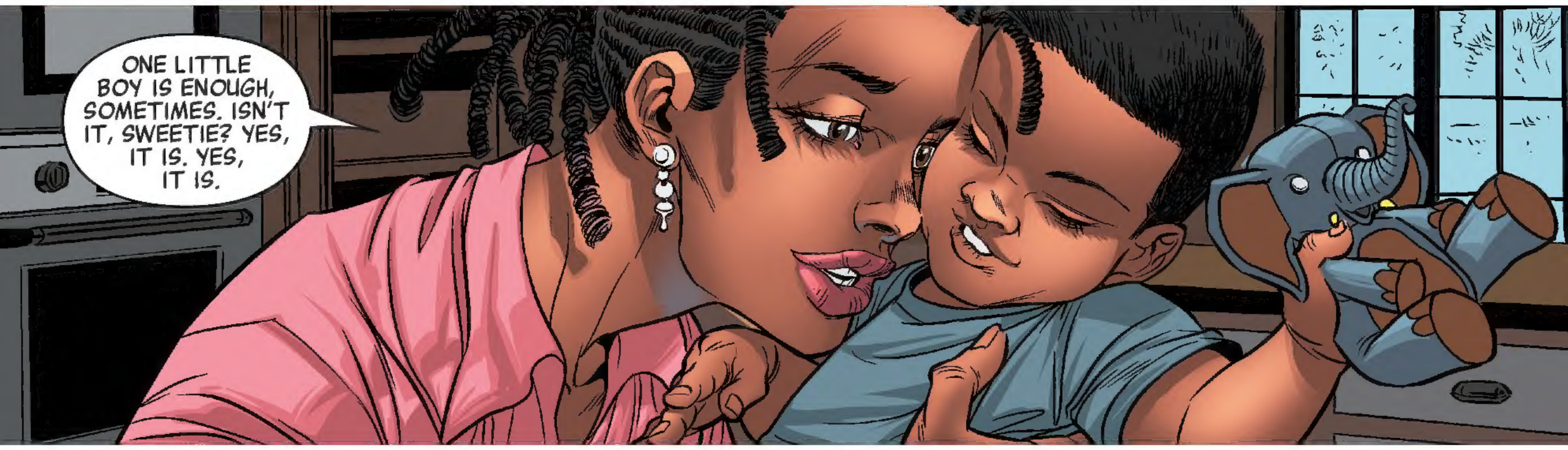
THESE SAD, DEAD REDACTED DIDN'T GET IT. THE ZOO FAMILY IS GONNA RULE AND NOTHING'S GETTING IN OUR WAY.
SO GET THIS PLACE SQUARED AWAY. WE ROLL OUT IN FIVE.

ON IT!
YOU GOT IT, LEO.
ZOO FAMILY RULES!

JAMES, MY IDIOT-EX SENSE IS TINGLING.
THE SUPPLIER'S GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF CASH ON HAND, RIGHT?
SO I FIGURE, LET THEM GO THROUGH WITH THE EXCHANGE AND...

NO, JAMES. NO.
JAMES. IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME ON THIS, I'M HANGING UP.

LOOK. THE S.H.I.E.L.D. FEE IS GREAT. I'M BACK IN THE MAJORS. NOTHING WRONG WITH TAKING A LITTLE BONUS.
CAT? CATITA?


ONE LITTLE BOY IS ENOUGH, SOMETIMES. ISN'T IT, SWEETIE? YES, IT IS. YES, IT IS.

...FINE.
SOLO SECRET #625: SOLO DOESN'T NEED CATITA.

SOLO DOESN'T NEED ANYBODY.

IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THE BRAND NAME.
TAC-TIC
HOMING BEACON SET.

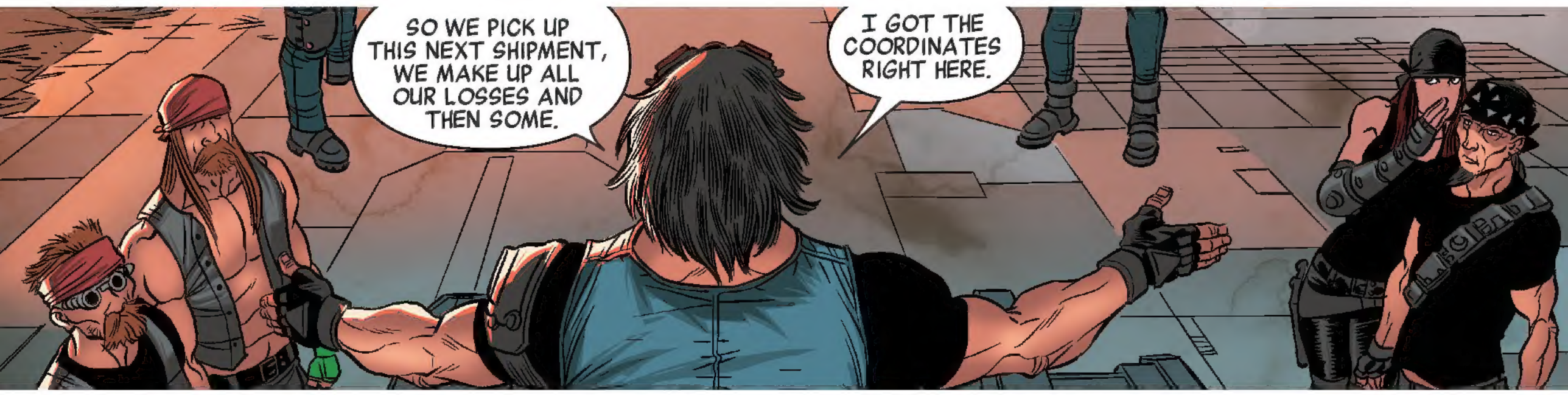
BEST I CAN DO FOR YOU, STOKES. HOPE DUGAN TREATS YOU RIGHT.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

HEY! WRAP IT UP, BROTHERS! WE GOT PLACES TO BE.

THIS IS A GOOD START. TOLD YA WE COULD PUT IT BACK TOGETHER.

THE THING WE GOTTA REMEMBER IS THE FAMILY ALWAYS COMES FIRST.

NOW WE'VE CUT OFF THE DEAD WEIGHT, WE'RE EVEN STRONGER.


SO WE PICK UP THIS NEXT SHIPMENT, WE MAKE UP ALL OUR LOSSES AND THEN SOME.
I GOT THE COORDINATES RIGHT HERE.

WHAT ABOUT THE MARKET, LEO? WHAT ABOUT THE BODIES?
LEAVE IT. ALL OF IT. LET IT BE A MESSAGE.

WE'RE THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT ZOO FAMILY.

KLIK

WE TRAVEL LIGHT.

VVVORRMM

TOUCHDOWN.

BODIE, CA. SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

OKAY. EGGHEAD'S NOT GONNA BE HERE FOR A FEW. SET UP SNIPERS FOR A KILL ZONE, IN CASE HE GETS TWITCHY.

GECKO: BARN LOFT. RAT RAT, GATOR: HIDE IN THAT DITCH. THE REST OF YOU--

YEAH, THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PLAN, LEO. EXCEPT--

--YOU AIN'T LEO, ARE YA, LEEEEEE-O?

HEY, HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE, KIDS? I THOUGHT WE WERE ALL--
SKIP IT. YOU'RE BLOWN. YOU GOT THE LEO LOOK OKAY, BUT ON THE TALK? FAIL, MAN. FAIL.

OKAY. YOU GOT ME. LEO'S COLD PRODUCT.
BEAR, TOO. SORRY. BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW ONE THING--
KLIK

--I ALREADY GAVE MY BOSSES THE SUPPLIER'S ID.
IN UNDER A MINUTE, THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS, LOOKING FOR PAYBACK.

OH, WHAT THE [REDACTED], DUGAN?! WHERE THE [REDACTED] ARE YOU?!

WHAAAA HOOOO!

OKAY, YA BUNCHA YAHOOS! YOU KNOW THE DRILL!

STRUCKER SCENARIO FIVE B! HIT 'EM HARD AND FAST!

VAM PKOW-PKOW

ZZZARK

PZZZAP

ZAP ZAP

NO! NO, IT'S TOO SOON! I'M NOT READY!

ZORK

ZAP ZAP

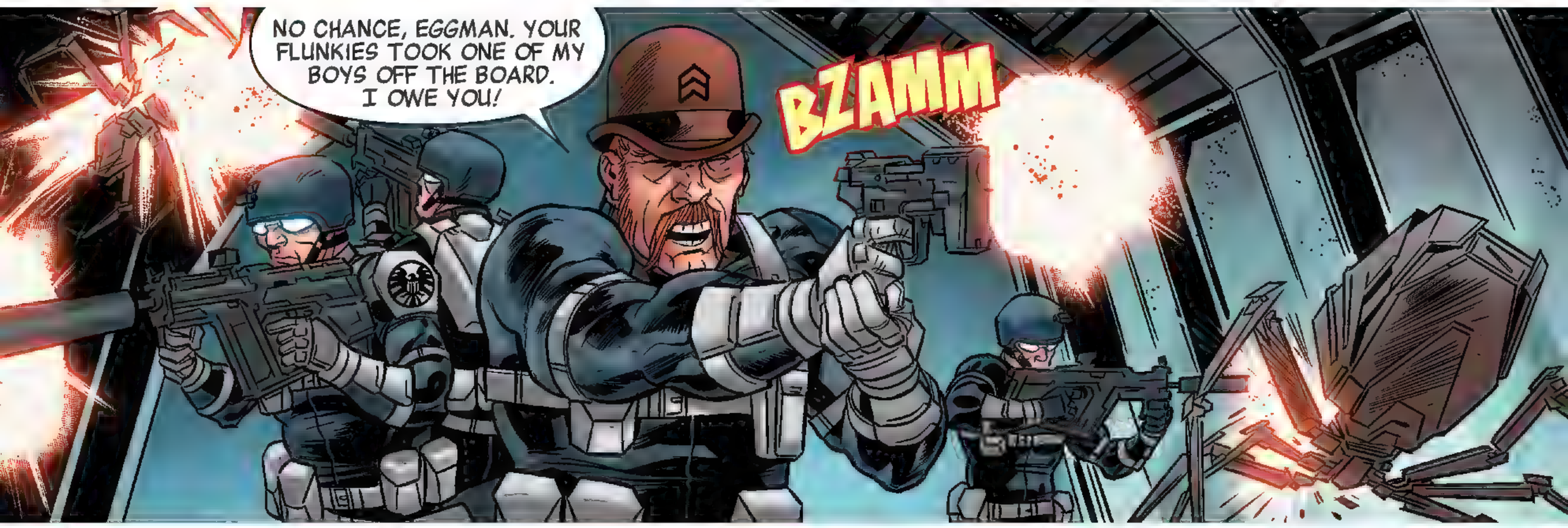
KRASH

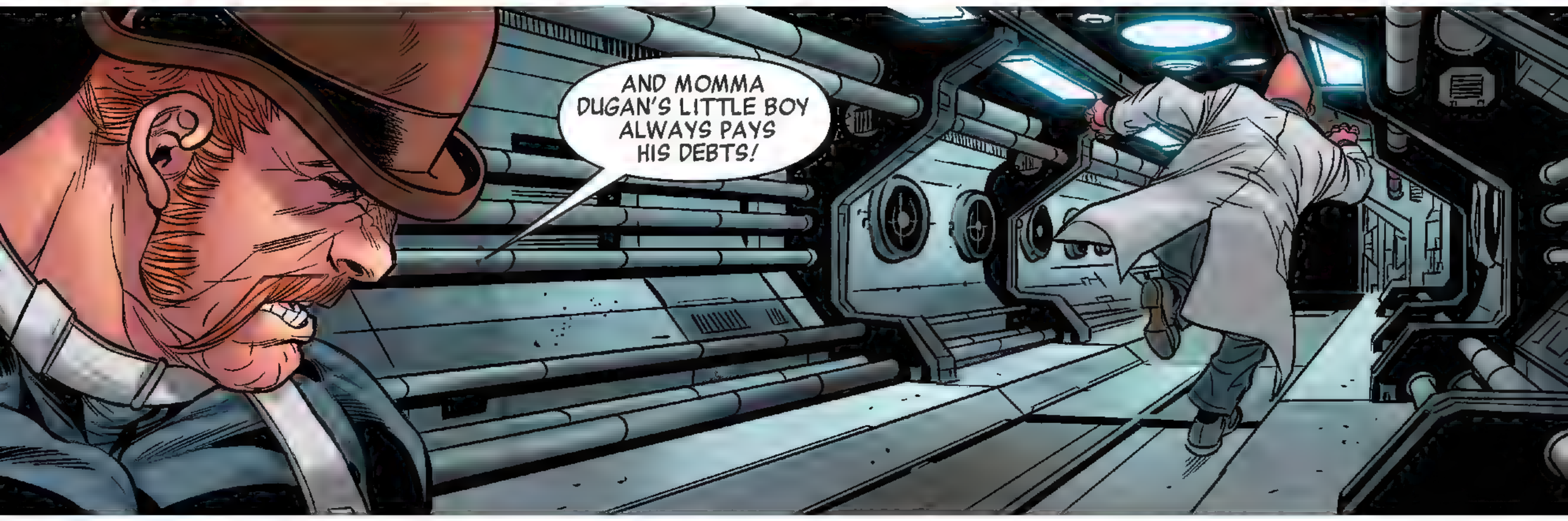
KA-KABOOM

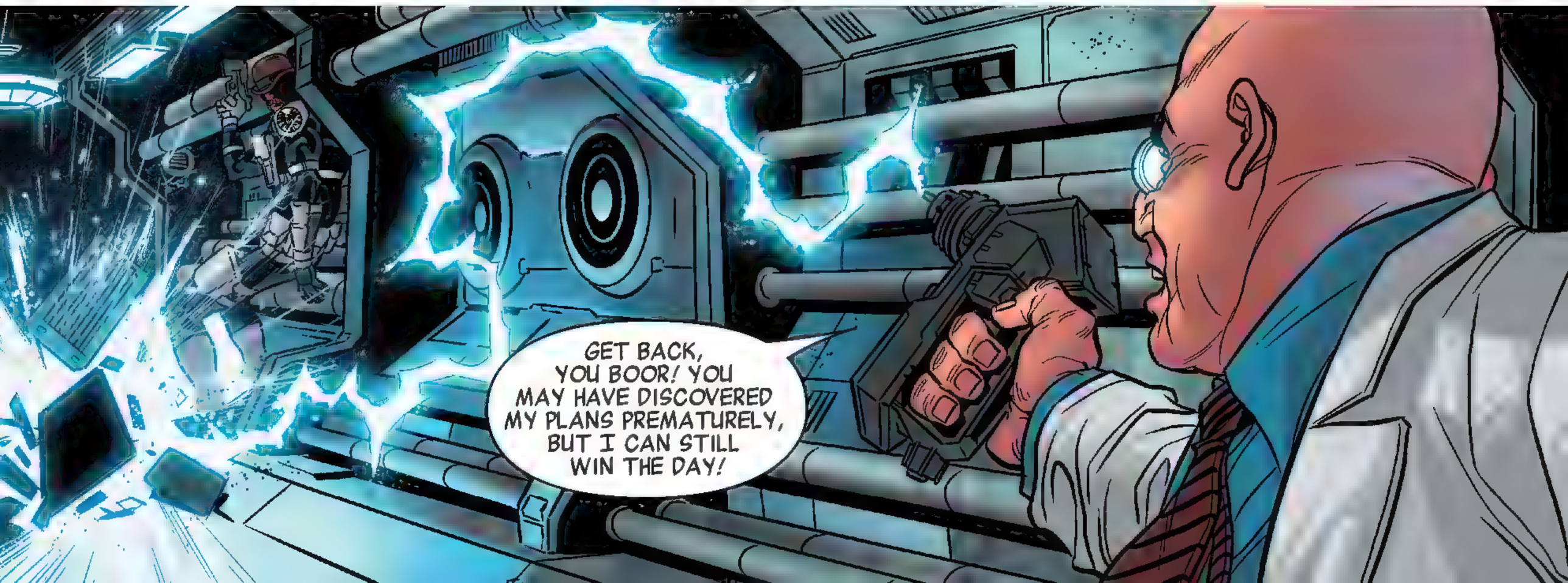
OLLY OLLY *OXEN FREE!* ANY MAD SUPER-SCIENTISTS HOME TODAY?

DOOOM

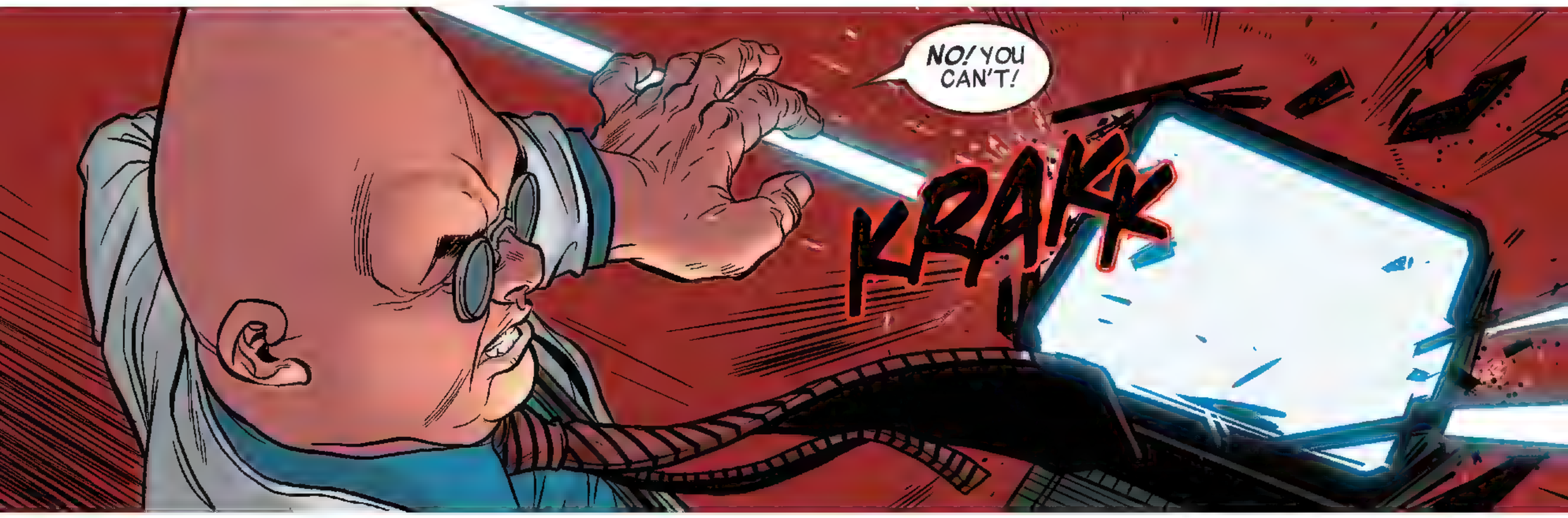
ZARK ZAPPP
VASSSH
NO! VICTORY CAN STILL BE MINE! IF I CAN JUST ACTIVATE THE EMPRESS!


NO CHANCE, EGGMAN. YOUR FLUNKIES TOOK ONE OF MY BOYS OFF THE BOARD. I OWE YOU!
BZAMM

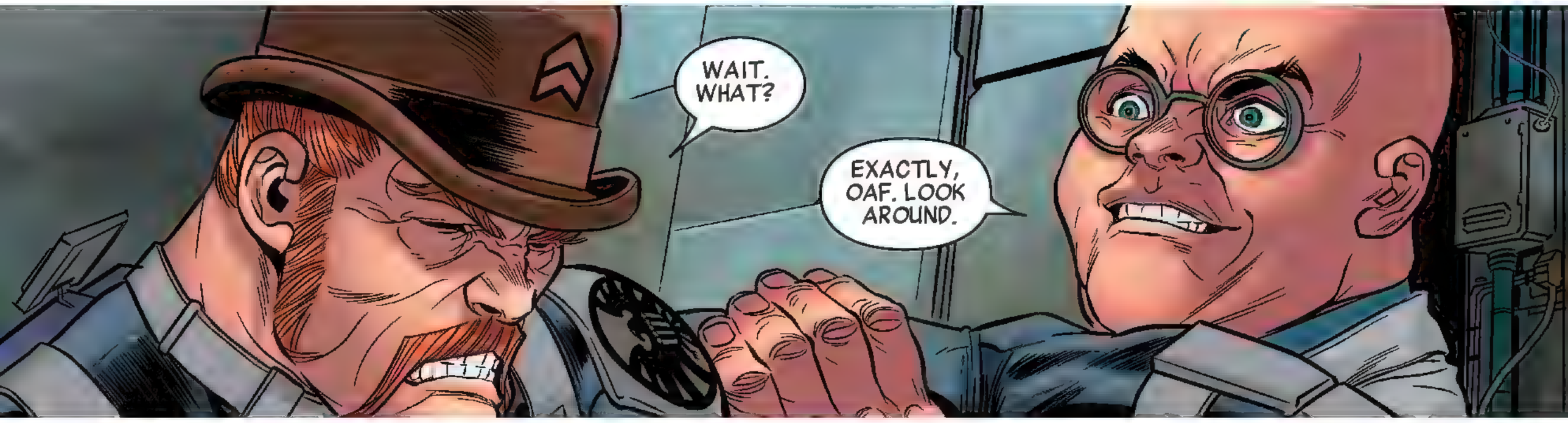

AND MOMMA DUGAN'S LITTLE BOY ALWAYS PAYS HIS DEBTS!

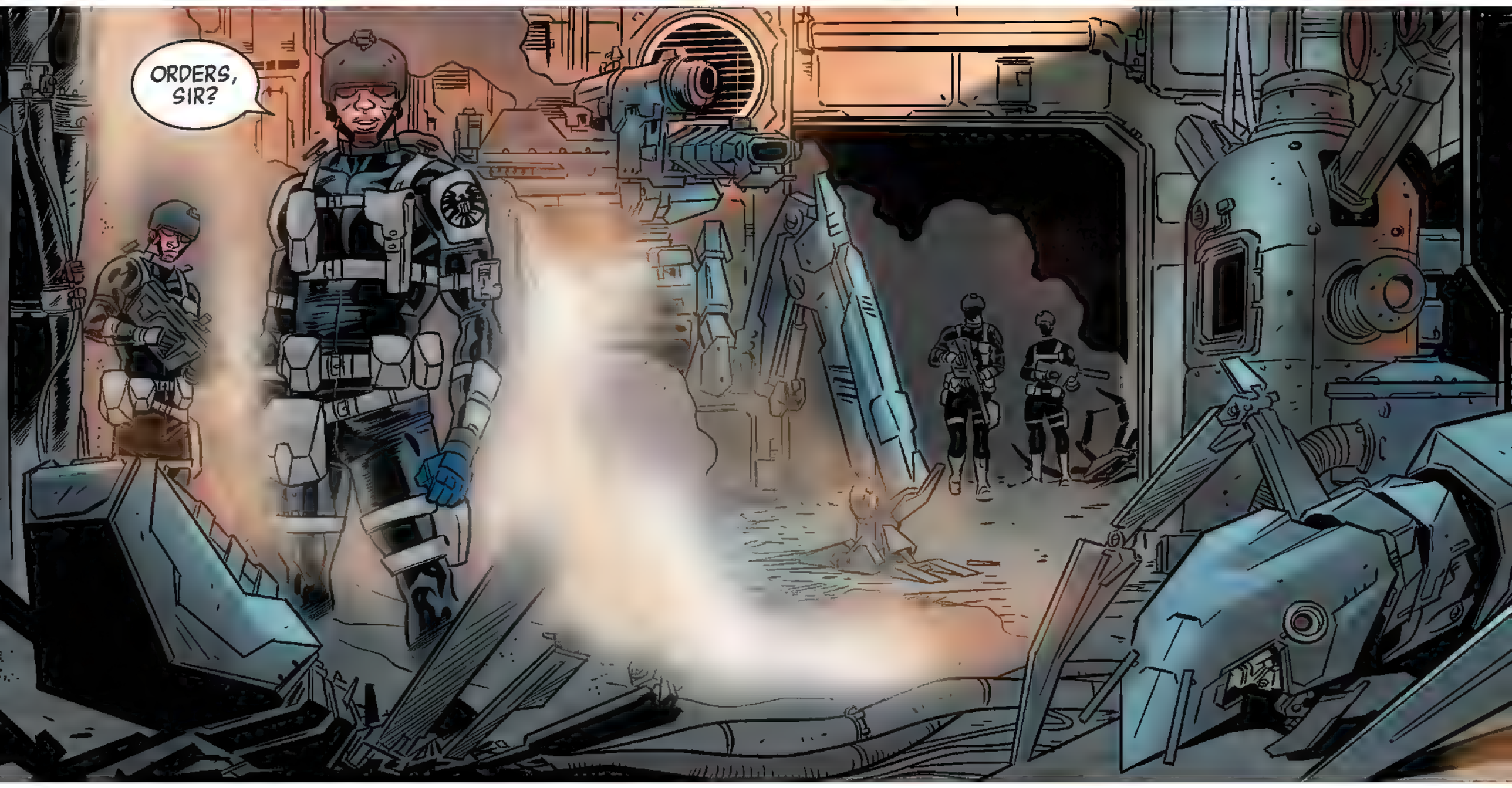

GET BACK, YOU BOOR! YOU MAY HAVE DISCOVERED MY PLANS PREMATURELY, BUT I CAN STILL WIN THE DAY!

NOW, TROGLODYTE! NOW YOU WILL FEEL THE TERRIBLE EMBRACE OF EGGHEAD'S ANT EMPRESS! YOU WILL--



GUNRUNNING? HOW DARE YOU! SIR, I AM A MASTER OF CYBERNETIC WEAPONRY! I WOULDN'T SOIL MY HANDS WITH--
SHUT IT! WE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!


WAIT. WHAT?
EXACTLY, OAF. LOOK AROUND.


ORDERS, SIR?

AND NOW YOU ASK YOURSELF, "WHY WOULD EGGHEAD, WHO CAN MAKE HIS OWN WEAPONS AND IS INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY, NEED TO--"
YEAH. YEAH. GOT IT.
AGENT BRYCE. GET HQ ON THE HORN. AGENT PAYNE OR AGUILLA.

"SOMEBODY GET ME SOLO."
OKAY. SO THAT'S A BUST.
HEY. Y'THINK?

GOT ANY OTHER STUPID REDACTED YOU WANT TO PULL OUT OF YOUR REDACTED?
NO. NO, I'M GOOD.

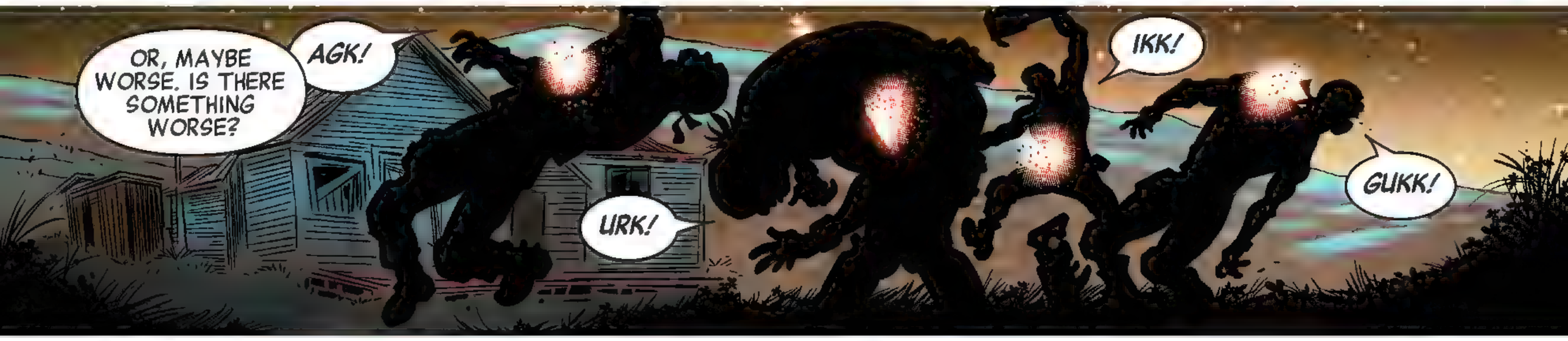
NORMALLY, THIS IS THE PART WHERE I TELL YOU I'M SORRY FOR WHAT'S NEXT.

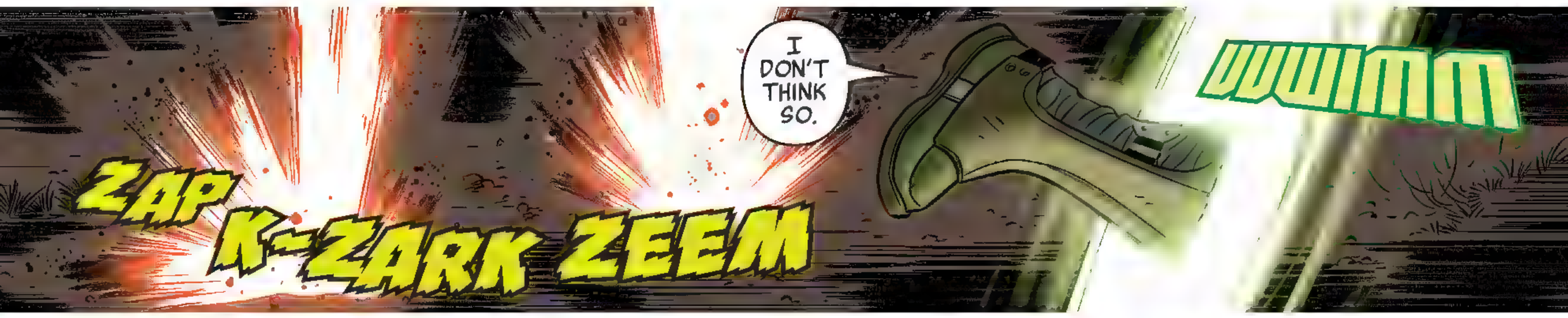
WOW. THIS GUY IS ONE COCKY REDACTED.
WHAT'S NEXT IS YOU'RE GONNA GET AIRED OUT AND WE'RE GONNA PICK UP OUR MERCH.

WE'RE GONNA SELL SOME ALIEN GUNS TO SOME TERRORISTS, EVIL ORGANIZATIONS, AND JUST, LIKE, PRETTY MUCH ANYBODY.
MMM. NOPE. NOT QUITE.

SEE, YOU GUYS SELL TO TERRORISTS.

PHUT PHUT PHUT PHUT
THAT MAKES YOU TERRORISTS.
!


OR, MAYBE WORSE. IS THERE SOMETHING WORSE?
AGK!
URK!
IKK!
GUKK!


I DON'T THINK SO.
ZAP
K-ZARK ZEEM

FORM UP, MORONS! YOU'RE FIRING WILD!
DON'T SHOOT 'TIL YOU'RE SURE! WE'LL HIT EACH OTHER!

YEAH, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.
UGK!
AH!
DAMN IT!

USE THE SHADOWS! HE CAN'T HIT WHAT HE CAN'T SEE!

AH!

AAAAAH! DIE, YOU BASTARD! DIE!

ZARKK ZZARK

RIGHT NOW, I'M FREELANCING TO PICK UP EXTRA CASH. MAKE ENDS MEET, Y'KNOW.

BUT MY MAIN THING IS TRACKING DOWN TERRORISTS. PUNCHING TICKETS.

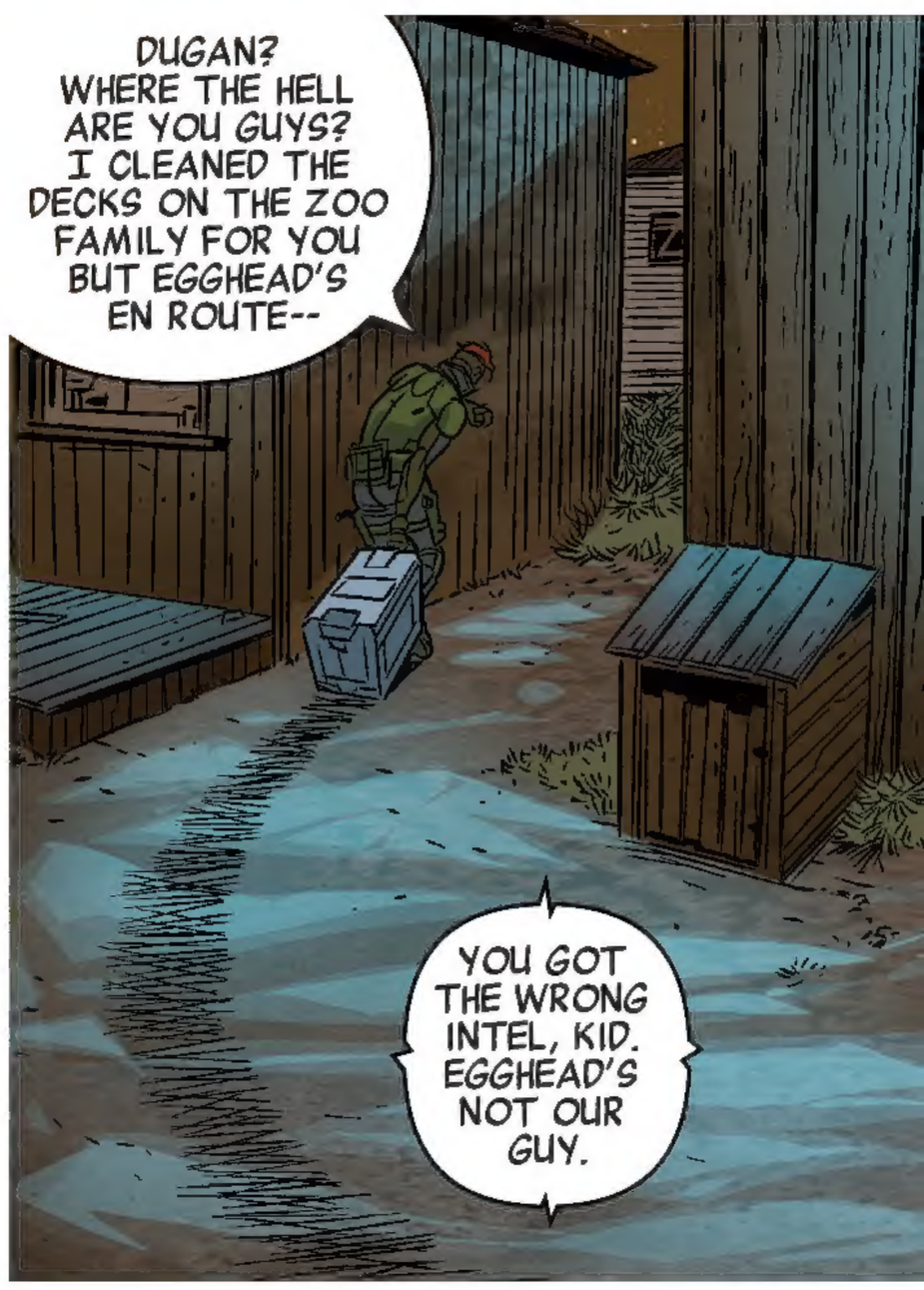
IT'S NOT REALLY A JOB FOR ME. MORE LIKE A VOCATION. BECAUSE, REASONS.

NO.

PHUT

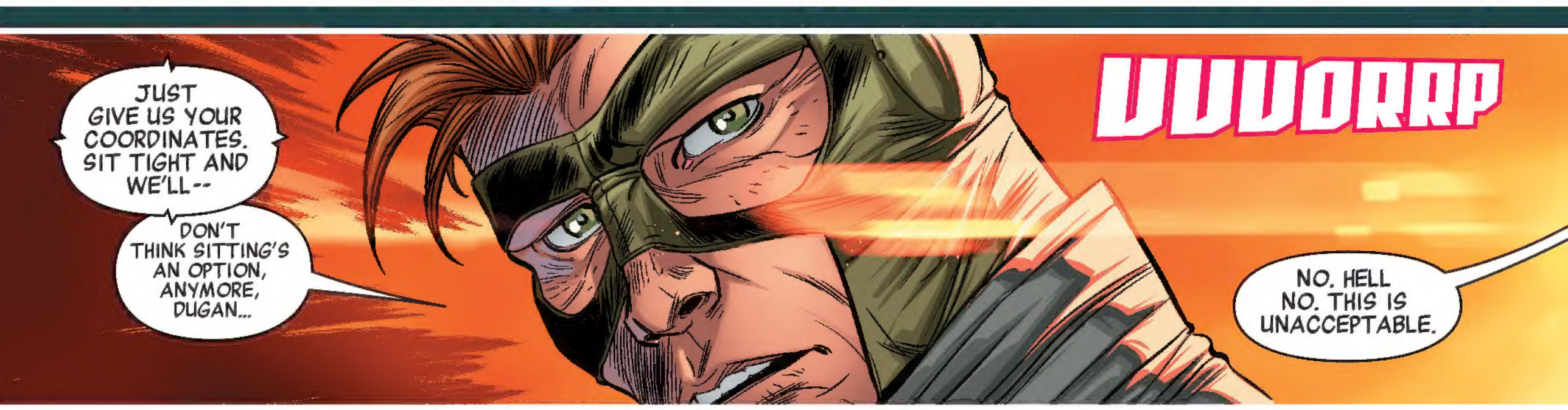
NOW. FE-FI-FO-FUM. IF I WAS A BOX OF DIRTY GUNRUNNER MONEY, WHERE WOULD I--

BINGO!
BREEP BREEP


DUGAN? WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS? I CLEANED THE DECKS ON THE ZOO FAMILY FOR YOU BUT EGGHEAD'S EN ROUTE--
YOU GOT THE WRONG INTEL, KID. EGGHEAD'S NOT OUR GUY.

WHAT? NO WAY. I GOT IT STRAIGHT OFF STOKES' DATAPAD. IT'S ROCK SOLID.
THEN STOKES GOT HIS WIRES CROSSED SOMEWHERE, KID.

SO, WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME? I'M IN THE COLD, WAITING FOR AN UNSUB WITH NO INTEL AND NO BACKUP?
YOU'RE NOT AN ACTUAL AGENT, KID. NOBODY TOLD YOU TO STAY FOR THE LAST ACT.


JUST GIVE US YOUR COORDINATES. SIT TIGHT AND WE'LL--
DON'T THINK SITTING'S AN OPTION, ANYMORE, DUGAN...
VVVORRP
NO. HELL NO. THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE.

...I THINK THE CURTAIN JUST WENT UP.
YOU SKIDS BETTER HAVE MY MONEY.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS SOLO #5

ZONE